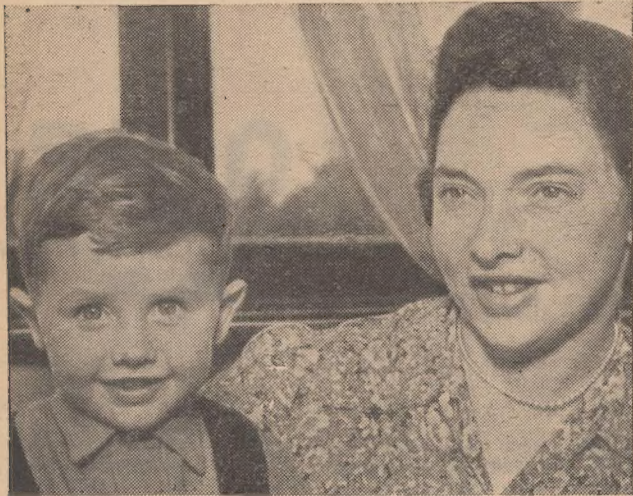


Good Morning 750

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Will C.P.O. Ed. Bastable Take a "Shore" Bet?

THAT is a piece (a very small piece) of West Wittering countryside you can see through the window of "Basfry," C.P.O. Edward Bastable. But you will be much more interested in your wife and Michael than in the Sussex country around Briar Estate, so here goes.

First thing we have to tell you is that Mrs. Bastable is the Vice-Captain of the British Legion Darts Club, and, as a result of practice she now throws a very pretty dart.

Although she has the board up on the wall all the time, it isn't very often she is able to take aim these days because there is usually some odd job that needs doing. And your wife has become an expert on odd jobs, Mr. Bastable.

She has erected a super chicken house and run and when the occasion arises she tackles with just as great zeal, a blown tyre or a punctured bicycle tyre.

All the same, you need have no fear that her darts will

suffer. She plays regularly at the Club and is prepared to bet that she'll win a pint or two when you make a visit, to the "Shore Hotel" once more.

In addition to this household routine your wife makes a very good job of the garden cultivation. We saw flourishing beans, peas and carrots, and very healthy looking tomatoes which you will be able to have with luncheon sausage and sauce when you come home.

Michael hasn't such a complicated favourite meal. Carrots are what he likes, so he prepared to find a son who can see in the dark when you return. He can count up to ten now, leaving out all the odd numbers, so you can consider your first job that of teaching him.

Each morning Michael points at the sun and says "My Daddy is over there, behind the sun," and the only wish of your wife and him is that you may soon be this side of the sun; in fact, walking up the path between the carnations and lavender to the front door of "Basfry."

Aborigines Test Team Brought Boomerangs

THE "unofficial Test Matches" between England and Australia have this season considerably brightened the cricket scene. How fortunate are the Aussies in having some of the most promising players in the world.

Because the Australians have so often beaten the Old Country on the cricket field, many people forget that it was Britain who taught the people of the Dominion the rudiments of the cricket art.

Surrey has always produced great cricketers, and it was one of that county's cricketers, John Lawrence, who played a big part in making cricket popular "down under."

He taught not only men from his own country, but even the aborigines, who quickly showed a certain talent.

In 1868 Lawrence brought to England the first cricket team from Australia. It was composed for the most part of aborigines, and although quite capable, were considered too amateurish to challenge the might of England.

Incidentally, during the intervals the spectators were entertained by exhibitions of boomerang-throwing by members of Lawrence's team!

It was not until 1880 that the first Test Match between England and Australia was staged in this country. Three years previously, at Melbourne, the greatest cricket ground in Australia, the Australians had rather surprisingly beaten England by 45 runs. Again, in England, they repeated their feat.

An English sporting paper

published a humorous type of mourning card which read: "In memory of English cricket. The remains will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia."

When the time came for the next England team to visit the Australians for a series of Test Matches, young Lord Darnley, a very capable all-rounder, was selected to captain the side. A great team-spirit was soon developed, and every man was determined to do his best, beat the Australians, and re-capture for England the prestige that had been lost during the past few years.

THE ASHES.

The Englishmen played wonderful cricket; Australia was soundly beaten, and after the match at Melbourne a party of local ladies presented Lord Darnley with a tiny urn supposed to carry the now-famous ashes.

Around the urn was a scroll describing in verse how England had triumphed.

There is a romantic touch about this, too, for Lord Darnley took back with him to England, as his wife, one of the young ladies who helped make the now famous Ashes!

Throughout the history of Test Matches between England and Australia there have been many instances of queer happenings; the unusual has often been the usual.

Take, for example, that great character, W. G. Grace. Once, in facing up to an Australian fast bowler, he jumped up when the ball rose sharply—and the ball whizzed clean through his beard for four byes!

If you told anyone that England's outstanding Test players once went on strike for more money they would probably disbelieve you. But this actually happened during the third Test of 1896, which was played at the famous Kennington Oval.

Because of the strike England had to take the field without many of her outstanding professionals and to make matters worse, heavy rains had made the pitch little better than a mud-patch.

In all the four innings neither side made 150; no player reached half a century, and it was only a brilliant throw of more than 100 yards, by the immortal Ranji, that ran out Iredale when he looked set for a big score, and England ran out winners by 66 runs!

Wicket-keepers have often come to the rescue of England. In recent years we have seen Leslie Ames, trusty keeper, and great batsman, play some great games against the Aussies; yet it was as bowlers that two of our best stumpers put their names in the history books of the Ashes.

That same year, during the second Test at Manchester, G. H. Trott, batting for the Australians, was in great form. Nothing appeared to worry him, and the England bowlers began to look very small fry.

Everyone was given a turn of bowling by W. G. Grace, the skipper, and he caused a sensation by calling upon Dick Lilley, the Warwickshire stumper, to try his luck.

J. T. Brown, the Yorkshireman, took Lilley's place behind the "sticks." The wicket-keeper turned bowler did not have a

sensational first over; he gave away 14 runs. But Grace kept him on, and when he sent down what appeared to be an easy ball—his fifth—in the second over, Trott lashed out, missed the ball—it touched the edge of his bat—Brown behind the stumps neatly gathered the ball, appealed—and Lilley had smashed a partnership that looked set for a gigantic score. His job done, Lilley then donned his wicket-keeping gloves once more.

UNDERHAND.

Some years before Lyttelton, the England wicket-keeper, who had been called upon to try his hand at bowling against the Aussies, broke a big stand, and finished up by taking four wickets in two overs. All his victims fell to underarm deliveries!

Looking back over Test Matches, it is interesting to pick out the Englishmen who have gained the greatest fame. Top of the list, because of his wonderful reliability over so many years, comes Jack Hobbs, followed closely by Herbert Sutcliffe.

As an all-rounder, Wally Hammond is supreme. As a

USELESS EUSTACE



"Casey and I were racin' when I puts a sudden spurt on and passes 'im, lady!"

wicket-keeper-batsman. Leslie Ames has no peers, although as a stumper, pure and simple, Bert Strudwick would be king.

Fast-bowler Harold Larwood would be coupled with Tom Richardson; Hedley Verity and Wilfred Rhodes are partners as bowlers of the slower type.

What of the future? Already Australia is to-day showing us some fine young players; England, too, has many young cricketers on the threshold of Test cricket, and in the years to come some great and thrilling matches, equal to anything that has happened in the past, are likely to be witnessed by record crowds.



The Sea Tiger

Members of the Club are advised not to indulge in sport to-day owing to the presence near the Bank of an Orca.

DANIEL Stark sighed as he looked at the notice tacked up on the green baize board on the verandah, and turned to the group of members seated at the small round tables. The notice had been up for the better part of a week, and so long as it remained there tarpon fishing was almost out of the question.

On the Boca Grand tarpon fishing is not only a sport. It is a mania. Men talk of tarpon, dream of it, think of nothing else. Unlike most other sports it is more than merely sport.

It is a social sport, and the man who lands the largest fish

of the season is not only a great fisher. He becomes a notable.

"I'd like to see that orca chased off the Bank for good and all," said the club steward to Stark, "for he's been parading up and down the waters ever since last year, and he's growing bigger and fiercer, and wilder every month. He'll scare the tarpon away."

"Couldn't we kill him?" asked Stark, his eyes on the sunlit waters that were rolling on to the beach and thundering in great, white clouds of spray where the surf went up in clouds.

"Oh, we'll leave that to Mason's Club," laughed the steward. "They tell me that Mason is down to-day, and he says that he's going out to get tarpon whether the tiger is there or not. Guess Mason is sore because we hold

the tarpon measurement record for the whole beach."

The mention of Mason sent a strange thrill through Stark's frame. Among the cosmopolitan crowd who came to the Boca Grand, Hiram Mason had always been a figurehead.

Stark, who had come from England, had met Hiram Mason in business, and he had met Gloria Mason, his daughter; and though Gloria Mason and Stark had been attracted to wards each other her father had shown Stark the door.

he had deposed Mason, who had affectation and a license in fellow-ship height and raised his cap with been straining every nerve to ship at Boca Grand which was as oily fingers. secure the biggest fish for two sincere as it was simple. Hiram Mason and his daughter stood facing him.

Club stewards there are not only men who look after the clubs; they are captains of their teams, men of as good social position as the members they advise on matters affecting the sport.

"I think," murmured Stark, "that I'll take the grains out this morning. Maybe I'll have a cruise round the bay, and if I see anything worth harpooning I'll bring it back."

He went into the tackle room, chose, on the steward's advice, a pair of grains which were as long and deadly and heavy as a whaler's and throwing them over his shoulder walked down to where his petrol launch lay on the beach.

It was a glorious morning, for the sun shines all the year round at Boca Grand, and the temperature of the Riviera touched the white beach and the sloping mountains behind the shore with fragrant finger tips.

Golden hills were marked out in a charming blend against the dim blue peaks. A riot of blossoms hid the white walls of the gardens; and high on the mountain sides, like nests amid the green foliage, were the quaint and picturesque stations of the ancient Franciscan padres.

There were few boats out, for it was still early morning. Stark laid his harpoons in the bottom of his launch and started to tinker with the engine.

It was a big, bluff-bowed boat, a cruiser with a long sloping roof to the fore cabin, capable of meeting the heavy swells of the broad oceans.

He was busy with his engine when he heard a voice addressing him. "Do you know if there are any guides about this morning?" Stark looked up. The voice had come from behind him.

Next year; and in being elected rude. There was a freedom of Next moment he jerked to his

Dramatic 3-day story of Men—and Fish

But the post office was still here," remarked Stark to the open and it acted as a vehicle for steward. "Miss—I mean I was in town for a bit. I thought he went off yesterday."

Stark's morning mail had not arrived. For days he had known deadlock remained. The antagonism between Stark and Mason distance up the beach and that he dare not openly call on her matters.

The steward gave Stark a side-long glance. "I hear that it was Miss Mason that got him to extend the time got the better of him. The crisis limit," he said in a tone in which had come over a foreign deal, there was a vein of sympathy.

and Stark, hoping to end the deadlock, had written suggesting on. "Danny Stark, the boys here wish you luck. Old man Mason ain't so bad after all. He's just all-fired crazy on his financial spread to sport. Both were mem-

bers of the same club at the somebody is as smart as him. But he don't mean all he says." Stark flushed. He knew that three hundred pound tarpon, which Stark flushed. He knew that catch made him president for the the steward did not mean to be had come from behind him.

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"I didn't know it was you, Stark," said Mason, facing him frankly. "I only saw your shoulders—"

"Oh, I'm glad to be of any service," returned Stark, showing his white teeth in a broad smile.

"Good morning, Miss Mason." There was a moment's awkwardness. Her eyes twinkled.

"Father was wanting a boatman," she said hurriedly. "He wants to take me out after tarpon—"

"Tarpon? But don't you know there is an orca out there off the tarpon bank?"

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Which King of England is buried in Canterbury Cathedral?
2. Why is an antimacassar so called?
3. What is the fastest skating speed record?
4. Who was called the Father of Medicine?
5. Name the three little bones in the ear.
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Earth, Metal, Water, Fire, Air.

Answers to Quiz in No. 749

1. Larch.
2. Montgomeryshire.
3. King Harold.
4. Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.
5. Pool-care-y.
6. E can't be written in a single, continuous line; others can.

"At Any Price"

WHEN one stops to appreciate that publicity is the life-blood of so many industries, it is perhaps not so surprising that a great number of people go to almost any lengths to get into the news. But still, some publicity stunts are inclined to look crazy to the onlooker.

I remember a once-famous portrait painter—he was in a London lounge when I met him. He was broke to the wide and too old for the Army. "Nobody wants portraits painted," he groaned. "In a short time all my past success will be forgotten. I've had my day, unless I can get some publicity."

Eventually, he walked around London in his underpants. He went down for fourteen days. There is always the case of the actress losing her diamonds, of course, but news editors seldom fall for that. And stage accidents, too, are bewildered.

If a guy is up against the world you may forgive him fooling the public. But there is a wily gang of smart publicity boys who make a good living out of wool pulling.

A once-famous vicar, who said the world was wrong and that he was right, exhibited himself in a barrel and fasted. He got thinner and he got publicity, but little else.

ONE man who gained by his exhibition was Gus Simmons. After sitting on ice longer than anyone else he was accepted for an Admiral Byrd Polar expedition. He once sat twenty-six hours.

The goldfish swallows in America got into print for a period, but could hardly be compared with A. S. Howes, a university student, who swallowed twenty large doughnuts in eighteen minutes. He got indigestion with his publicity.

Skipping was the angle of Ted Morris. He skipped 600 miles in 28 days. There was no reason stated.

Blackpool is quite a spot for this exhibitionism. John Strickland played the piano for 122½ hours without stopping. He got sore fingers and had to pay for the re-tuning. In the same town James Finney swam 339 feet under water. Why? Don't ask me.

Tony Laurentis got a lot of publicity because he ate large hors-d'oeuvres and twelve chickens as an appetiser, and followed through with four pounds of spaghetti, three large steaks and an apple pie. He washed it down with a gallon of red wine.

Maybe that was his reason. Perhaps he had to work up a thirst. Was it worth it? He got indigestion and had to live on boiled fish for months.

What's the point of all this? I don't do it, so how should I know? Try running a submarine down Piccadilly and you may find out.

M. W.

BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 688

- 1. Behead a gully and get what runs down it.
- 2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: atsbuowundefloos.
- 3. What word of six letters, meaning "well-being," can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I like to see women's faces, and think are unnecessary.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 687

- 1. O-RANGE.
- 2. Why will women wear wigs?
- 3. INMATE.
- 4. Eighth, height.

JANE

THE SEA TIGER

(Continued from Page 2) to scare sportsmen. What's the "Aw, a killer doesn't worry good of tarpon fishing anyway," commented Mason swiftly, unless there's some opposition? with his old antagonism flaring. We can't eat the tarpon or I'd up. "This is a great morning for go myself and get them; but fishing, and I'm going fishing in Gloria wants to take some photos spite of all the orcas that ever of them leaping—well, come on, roamed the seas. Your tarpon girlie, and we'll get the launch club may be scared of them, but out by ourselves."

He took her by the arm and moved off, leaving Stark standing in his boat, his arms stiff by his but there was a grave look in his sides. But Mason had not gone a eyes. He did not doubt the man's dozen steps before he returned. pluck, but to take Gloria out in He came right up to Stark. face of a sea-tiger was hardly "I didn't know you were down here," he said, "but now I've

"I'm afraid the boatmen won't met you, let me ask you one thing. be working to-day," he said Are you still going ahead on the simply. "We have the notice foreign deal, or will you clear up at the club and the men are out?"

"Why should I clear out, Mr. not on duty—" "Haw, haw! Isn't that Mason?"

"Oh, only to save your money. glad I started one of my own. We I intend to get that deal if I spend don't put up notices over there my last cent. I'm not trying to

bluff you. I'm just trying to save you spending money needlessly.

Stark rubbed his chin with the back of his hand. There was a droll expression in his eyes.

"Why not join forces?" he asked. "There's plenty room for us to work together."

"Nothing doing. You've been asking me to join forces with you often enough. I won't do it. I work by myself, and I take what I want."

Stark's eyes flickered in the direction of the girl who was loitering on the beach, waiting for her father. Her white dress and tam-o-shanter made her more than attractive.

She turned her head and glanced at the two men; and as she caught Stark's eye she smiled to him.

"You take what you want," echoed Stark, turning to Mason.

"Well, why shouldn't I? Tell me that."

(To be continued).

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you something of which we have four or even five in a month—

- 1. Tricks.
- 2. Thick digit of the human hand.
- 3. Dexterous.
- 4. Burdened.
- 5. Long reptile without developed limbs.
- 6. Aromatic plant used in cookery.
- 7. To sow again.

(Solution to-morrow.)

ALEX CRACKS

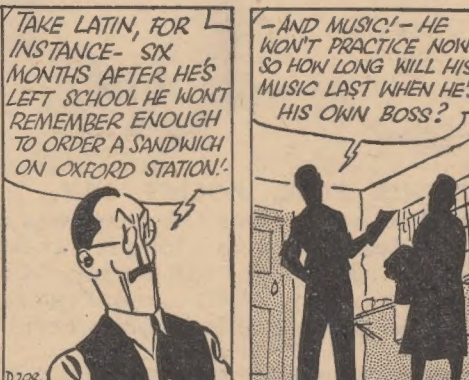
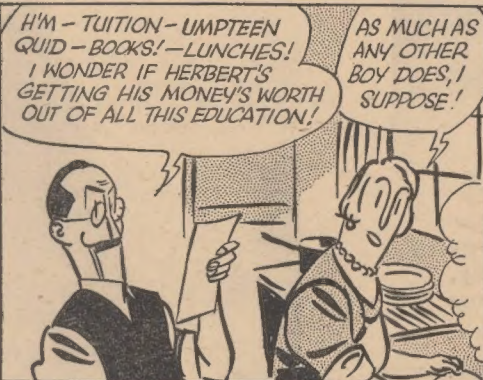
There was an old man of Blackheath, Who sat on his set of false teeth; Said he, with a start, "O Lor', bless my heart! I've bitten myself under-neath."

1.									
2.									
3.									
4.									
5.									
6.									
7.									

A canny Scotch lad of Pitlochry Kissed an up-to-date girl in a rock'ry; When he tasted the paint, He cried, "Lassie, this ain't A real kiss at all, it's a mock'ry."



RUGGLES



May 21-June 20. By to-morrow you should be in a more favourable position for dealing with current problems.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SUMP	MODEST
PRAISE	ASH
IDLE	NORMAL
NUTRIA	KEPI
N	ETILE
EG	ADDLE
IRISH	KO
IMAM	N
T	EMUS
NETTLE	RANTED
ROAN	ICE
EVINCE	SNORTS
MEED	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12			13			14		
15				16	17			
		18	19			20	21	
22	23			24	25			
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	29	30				31	32	33
34	35		36	37				
38						39		
40				41				

GARTH



JUST JAKE



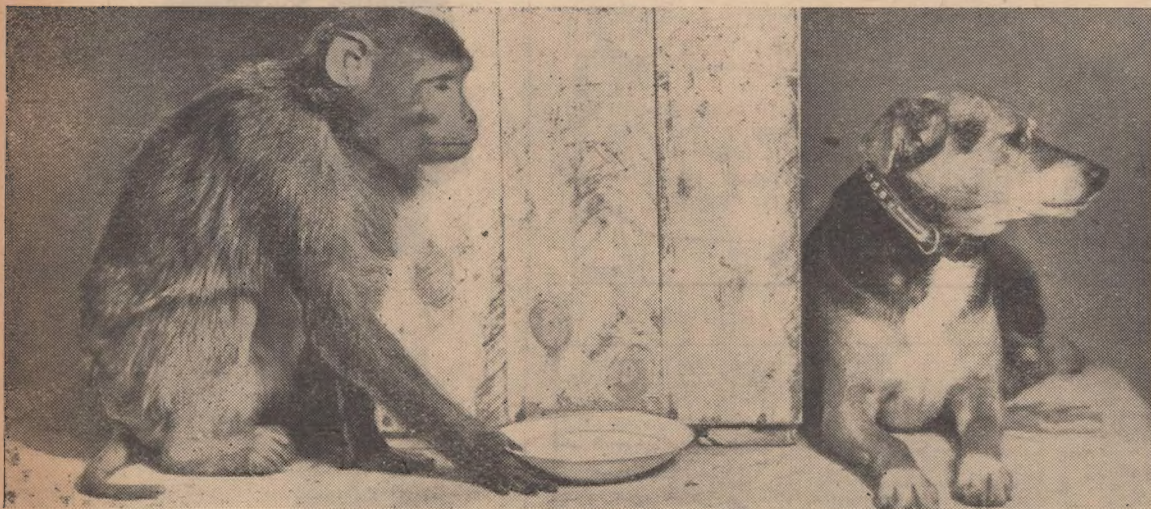
- CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Goes slow. 6 Take in. 10 Tennis shot. 11 Harmonises. 12 Items for discussion. 14 Soil. 15 Silent. 16 Garment. 18 Vegetable. 20 Woman. 22 Sacred song. 24 Tree. 26 Electrical unit. 27 Fashion. 29 Husks. 31 Branches of learning. 34 Alone. 36 Hunting trip. 38 Built. 39 Make soft. 40 Bureau. 41 Sound horn.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Shell-fish. 2 Arch. 3 Countenance. 4 Youngster. 5 Verse fragment. 6 Wash-outs. 7 Together. 8 Through. 9 Girl's name. 13 Girl's name. 17 Lengthened. 19 Signaller's "M." 21 Of stomach. 22 Balanced. 23 Goes at easy pace. 25 Foliage. 28 Beginning. 30 Sweetmeat. 32 Intent. 33 Team. 35 Mineral. 37 Bother.

Good Morning



WHEN WE RETIRE.

We've often thought about the sunny morning when we'll retire from Fleet Street (who hasn't dreamed about their own retirement?) We're going to get right away from the smell of printers' ink, right away from the sound of telephones, so far away that even the Editor's snores won't reach us — and we're going to settle down in Winkle Street in the Isle of Wight. That will be our cottage — the one at the end, in the picture above.



SMASH AND GRAB RAIDER BIDED HIS TIME, POLICE SAY.

We don't know how long the monkey had to wait before the coast was clear for this daring snatch of a dog's dinner. We don't know how long it was before the dog noticed it. What we do know, is this. No longer will we say, "Softly, softly, catchee monkey!" — in future we'll always say, "Softly, monkey catchee din-din!" It's all in honour of our glorious Chinese allies — or something.



PREHISTORIC PIN-UP. At first glance, when the photographer slapped this picture on our desk, we thought she was an old Roman floosey — one of the Roman scandals, if you see what we mean. But, on second looks, we saw that she was sculptured in sand. "Better than a gritty policeman," we remarked, wittily.



★ ARE YOU STILL LOOKING, A.B. DUKE ELLINGHAM? Yesterday (that is, in No. 749) we presented a picture of Lana Turner at the request of this stout Submariner, who sails in "Vigorous." By a foolish oversight of the Art Bloke, the picture in question showed the delectable Lana at the age of five. Hastening to make amends, we herewith present the said delectable Lana when she was a few years older. The Art Bloke has been sacked. We hope you will overlook the slip, our Grace.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

